

Ludacris f/ I-20, Shawnna

"B.O.T.S. Radio"

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[Intro] Awww yeah, welcome back to "Battle of the Sexes Radio" where it is 12:45 in the A.M. and Disturbing Tha Peace is our in-studio guest Our hotline is lit the fuck up with people with relationship issues Caller #1, you're on the air Yeah man, y'all tell me if I'm crazy cause this girl in here trippin Y'knowmsayin? I'm a real man, I take care of home I take care of my kids, I'll pay all my bills I mean I ain't gon' lie, I may check a lil' female from time to time on the side Y'knowmtalkinbout, but what man don't? So how can I break this down to her? Ludacris, how do you feel about this particular situation? [Ludacris] Yeah, get your money right ladies, learn to sign your own checks But don't call me after midnight, unless we havin sex Don't ever assume nothin, a man gon' be a man A groupie gon' be a groupie, a fan gon' be a fan These tricks gon' keep trickin so hustlers gon' keep hustlin Long as there's new coochie then dogs gon' keep fuckin So don't be all up in my phone replyin to women's pages I thought your momma told you you should NEVER talk to strangers! Don't ever ask no questions that you really don't want the answers to Stop poppin off at the mouth or like Nino Brown I'll have to cancel you Handle you, stop the ride, leave you on the avenue Half of you, always seem to want some nigga to pamper you And that'll do for him but not for me, I'll probably baffle you And if he wants to act a fool I'll show him what the gat'll do Run along, go find somebody to snitch or go chit-chat to Then your name will follow with "Ay! Whatever happened to..?" (Exactly, that's just what she need to hear) [Interlude] You damn right playa, aight thank you for callin man Next caller Yeah I hear you but let's talk about the fake-ass brothers with the 24's but can't pay the note on they lease And my nigga with his iced-out chain but I can't get him to pay his damn child support That's why we makin mo' money, ownin our own property and ride just as nice So now, I guess if we want to, we can bail y'all too now, huh? Interesting, Shawnna you wanna speak on this one? [Shawnna] Uhh, yo, get your mind right niggaz get a bitch that can keep up wit'chu I'm

tired of thinkin to myself why in the hell did I ever fuck
wit'chu I'm stuck wit'chu, sick of yo' childish games and
all the stuff you do I'll probably mention yo' name but
true to the game I've had enough of you I've seen yo'
type befo', throwin yo' funds all over the flo' He flashin
his chains and flashin his dough, he drinkin the fifths
and drinkin the Mo' But what you don't know this nigga
broke, he can't even afford to smoke And back in the
hood all the hustlers and G's know he's a joke That's
why I cheat a nigga, just when he eat it I tell him beat it
nigga Real bitches true to the game, that's how you G a
nigga D.T.P. stay in the zone like we on PCP Chrome on
the SS, Shawwna blow there recently Y'all niggaz ain't
on my level, I do it so hood Pineapple and Belve', we
feelin so good Lightning is so wood, I get my own stack
That's why I leave him 200 and never call back (That's
right Shawwna, pussy rule the world!) [Interlude] Yes it
does, next caller what's up? Man what's up, this is
Marcus I wanna know do y'all got somebody to talk to
these triflin-ass women? Like me, I'm a good man, but
all these good men get treated like shit! All friends
callin at 3:30 in the mornin Marcus don't wanna talk
about no numbers Marcus wanna talk about that ass,
and I ain't havin it! Y'all got somebody to talk to these
women? Cause they need to be TAUGHT! I-20 you
better talk to 'em! [I-20] Yo, get your money right
ladies, tell the man to get gone But you don't you show
up to my crib with your period on This is lesson one
baby, listen, how should I begin? Um, ain't no such
thing as a plutonic friend You're lying to yourself if you
don't think you want mo' So don't you call me insecure
when he show up at your do' You all claim to have
substance, self-respect and some class But half naked
in the club and steady shakin yo' ass Screamin I ain't
done enough to touch you under your skirt But who the
hell are you to tell me what my money is worth? I run
the streets, and you trippin I don't make you feel safe I
stay at home and you complainin that I think we need
space I'm not sayin that it's fair but it's the way that it is
Ain't no nigga tryin to marry you with four or five kids It
may sound a little harsh but it's straight from the heart
A nigga didn't write the scripts so I'm just doin my part,
yeah (Preach my brother, preach! I hope you women
out there heard that!) [Outro] And you better believe
they did, it's millions of people listening But that's our
show for this evening ladies and gentlemen I gotta go
get a piece of ass my damn self, alright? (c'mon baby)
Check us same time, same place tomorrow "Battle of
the Sexes Radio" signing off Good niight

